

THE SAN ANTONIO LIGHT SUPPLEMENT.

San Antonio, Texas, Monday, April 23, 1883.

"Hanner."

BY W. W. FINK.

It was here to Indianer
That I awoke and married Hanner,
Which is probably the reason
I've a story to relate:
Well, the world was all aglow,
And there weren't no good luck in me,
And my toes grew sore a kickin'
'Gin the horny shins of fate.

On the farm somehow or other,
Storms kept chasin' one another,
Till they trampled down my harvest
And they miledew'd out my hay.
Still I'd time enough to gather
All my crops in pretty weather,
If I hadn't run for office,
Which (the office) ran away.

But my Hanner, in a manner,
Held aloft the family banner,
For she kept the pot-addling;
Day and night she'd spin and weave,
While I kept "a lecturin'"
'Till the neighbors got to sneerin',
Just because she made the linen,
And I thought we'd better leave.

Well, we kind o' took to roamin',
'Till we landed in Wyoming,
It's the most confounded kentry
That a Hoosier ever struck!
Ingen-lighters, women-righters,
Long-nosed Yankers, pome-inditers—
I'm old business, but what's business
Where no one but fools have luck!

First I murchandized and busted
'Til I couldn't uv got trusted
For a ping of black terbacker,
Let a lone a log of flour;
But my Hanner went to cookin',
And fast thing I knowed she'd took in—
Twenty boarders, and the money—
Goodness sakes, she made a power!

Well, my life was growin' sunny
With the shine of Hanner's money;
But the women's rightsers ran her
For a Justice of the Peace,
And you bet it rix my dander
For to see her turnin' gabber,
Supercedin' uv her husband,
Leavin' him among the geese.

But the long-nosed pome-inditers,
Ingen-lighters, woman-righters,
Leoted her; but you can bet your
Boots I didn't 'lectioneer,
And I toll her, that's what I did,
That I'd finally decided
That the kentry wasn't healthy,
And we'd better come back here.

So we came to Indianer,
And I must confess that Hanner
Had electioneered so honest
That she hadn't spent a dollar,
And life is once more sunny,
Hanner's keeful of my money,
And she's now a modest female,
Not ashamed her spouse to foil.
—Independent.

How Boucicault Was Saved.

Mr. Joseph Maas, the tenor, has reason to be very proud of his voice, for it once saved his life. He is passionately fond of hunting and fishing, and some years ago started on a buffalo hunt in company with his old friend, Dion Boucicault. The surrounding country was full of badly disposed Indians; but our hunters were at all times ready to risk their scalps for a good week's sport. On this occasion they managed to lose their way and miss the trail which led to their temporary camp, so that as night came on they were utterly at a loss which direction to take. They had fortunately killed a young bull just before dusk, and making a virtue of necessity, they tethered their horses and lit a fire. They had scarcely finished a hasty meal of buffalo steaks when an arrow came whizzing by their camp fire, and in less than it takes to read this they found themselves bound hand and foot by the rascally Apaches. There was no hope of deliverance, and both Mr. Maas and Mr. Boucicault expected instantaneous death. At this juncture Dion, who was almost comatose from fright, murmured feebly, "Joe, sing me 'Fra Poco' once more before I die, and my scalp will come off much easier." Mr. Maas tearfully complied with his friend's request, and had got as far as "The wild flowers soon will shed their bloom around my sad and lonely tomb," when two big Indians came up smiling all over and grunted, "Heap good—more!" The gifted tenor finished the aria, but explained that he would sing no more unless he was unbound. The Apaches loosened his thongs, and Mr. Maas, with a despairing hope, went on with the opera. From 9 p. m. until 3 the next morning he kept on singing. Every time he stopped the savages poked him with a spear. However, just as his larynx was about to burst, the last Indian dropped asleep, and Mr. Maas stole away, after cutting the hide ropes which bound his friend. They reached the settlement in safety, but to this day the talented artist never plays in "Lacia" without being overcome with emotion.

We are not captious, but when a photographer puts a bottle of whisky where we can see it, and then says: "Now, look natural!" We are prepared to tell him that we don't go around with a hawk's-for-why look in our eyes, and he can't do any more work for us. —[Somerville Journal.]

Another Revolution

In the Prices of Some Articles of
Every-Day Necessity.

What Can be Done!

What Will be Done!

What Shall be Done!

Will close out this week
one large lot of Hose,
8c., 10c., 12 1-2c., 15c.,
18c., 20c., 22c., 25c.

S. MAYER & SON

Will sell for one week
only one lot of Chemises
at 40c., 50c., 60c., 65c.,
75c., 85c., 90c., and \$1.
These goods are positive-
ly worth from 10 to 20 per
cent. more and bespeak
inspection. Other Under-
wear proportionately.

Will close out next
week one large lot of
Gloves at 10c., 15c., 20c.,
25c. Gloves worth 75c.
for 50c.; gloves worth \$1
25c. for 75c.

Will sell for one week
only one lot of Parasols
and Sun Umbrellas at 25c.,
35c., 50c., 75c., 80c., \$1
and upwards. Are ready
to compare these goods
with houses asking 25
per cent. more.

Ginghams, Shirts, Domestic.

Our Best Goods will be reduced 10 per cent in price for

THIS WEEK ONLY!

MILLINERY!

We solicit Cash Trade for Jobbing only. We can suit anybody in quality, quantity and price. We sell desirable goods as low as cash can buy them. Merchants can do better with us than Northern houses. Try! See!

Before You Buy, Come and See!

S. MAYER & SON,

Commerce and Navarro Streets.

MAN.

What Poets and Other Eminent Writers
Have Said of Him.

Man passes away; his name perishes from
record and recollection; his history is as a
tale that is told, and his very monument be-
comes a ruin. —Washington Irving.

To understand man, however, we must
look beyond the individual man, and his ac-
tions or interests, and view him in combina-
tion with his fellow. —Carlyle.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
be honest is the only perfect man. —Beaumont
and Fletcher.

The scientific study of man is the most
difficult of all branches of knowledge. —Oliver
Wendell Holmes.

The man of wisdom is the man of years. —
Young.

Man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn. —Burns.

Stood I, O nature, man alone in thee,
Then were it worth one's while a man to
be.

A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts.
The creation of a thousand forests, in one
acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul,
Britain, America lie folded already in the first
man. —Emerson.

Such is man. In great affliction he is ele-
vated by the first minute; in great happiness,
the most distant, and one, even while yet be-
neath the horizon, casts him down. —Rich-
ter.

What a piece of work is man! How noble
in reason! How infinite in faculty, in form,
and moving, how express and admirable in
action, how like an angel! In apprehension,
how like a god! The beauty of the world, the
paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is
this quintessence of dust? —Shakespeare.

When faith is lost, when honor dies,
Then man is dead. —Whittier.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a
ready man; and writing an exact man. —
Bacon.

A man that is temperate, generous, valiant,
chaste, faithful and honest, may, at the same
time have, wit, humor, good breeding,
mirth and gallantry; while he exerts these lat-
ter qualities, 20 occasions might be invented
to show he is master of the other nobler vir-
tues. —Steele.

God, when heaven and earth He did create,
Formed man, who should of both participate. —Sir J. Denham.

Man are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites are apt to outgrow as theirs.
And full as craving, too, and full as vain. —Dryden.

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar, are the same.
Dust formed us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay. —Gray.

Not far from
Of creatures inanimate with gradual life,
Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in man. —Milton.

The proverbial wisdom of the populace at
gates, on roads, and in markets, instructs the
attentive ear of him who studies man more
fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously
arranged.

Man, though individually confined to a nar-
row spot of this globe, and limited in his
existence, a few courses of the sun, has never-
theless an imagination which no despotism
can control, and which unceasingly seeks for
the author of his destiny through the immen-
sity of space and the ever-rolling current of
ages. —Colton.

A Miser Makes a Contract for His Coffin.
From the Auburn Dispatch.

A story is told of a miserly old resident of
this city to the effect that several years ago he
made a contract for his burial. The job was
a cheap one, coffin, attendance and all not to
exceed \$50. The coffin was made of pine,
and was kept in the undertaker's shop until
he went out of business, when it was removed
to his house and kept against the time when
the miser should die. The undertaker has
some time since fallen in the battle of life.
Since his death a tenant has occupied his late
home, and as he objected to the presence of
the somber reminder of the uncertainty of hu-
man life—the coffin—the miserly individual
had it removed to his house, and has it
stored upstairs with a rat-trap set inside it.
He has promised his spouse that she may
have it should she require it before he dies,
as he thinks that he would have no difficulty
in getting another just as cheaply when he
needs it.

"Will you have dinner at the eating sta-
tion?" asked the train boy of a passenger.

"Yes," said the passenger, arising and fol-
lowing the boy.

"I just wanted to know," said the boy, "so
I could telegraph ahead."

"Telegraph," repeated the tired passenger,
whose patience the slowness of the train had
exhausted, "I thought you wanted me to stroll
on ahead and eat by the time the train would
get there." —[Arkansas Traveler.]